WIN A KENWOOD TM-2570A! (see page 97)

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The Day the Aliens Landed in Limerick, Maine

There once was a ham in his shack . . .

As a general rule, I go to bed early (7 p.m. or so) from October to May. That way, I can get in five or six hours of sleep, awake refreshed at 1 or 2 in the morning, and get on 75-meter phone ready for the European and African DX.

My routine is to sneak out of bed so as not to disturb the XYL, feed my two Tanganyika Terriers, make a pot of tea, and settle down to pick up a country now and then, to help out on the 75-meter DXCC. Some mornings I hear little or nothing of interest, so I read or doze off in the chair. My operating position faces a window that looks out over a five-acre field where I have a pair of 40-meter verticals, a few big delta loops, and about ten cords of wood stacked up for the winter.

It's a Plane, It's a ...

One morning in early February, I was listening to a W2 working a CE0 on Easter Island. The W2 was one of the Big Guns on 75 with a 75-meter beam up 140 feet. He was giving the CE0 a 59 plus and turned it over to the CE0, whom I copied between a 3 or 4 and signal strength the same. When the W2 signed, I called the CE0 but he came back to a W3. After four more tries, I finally snagged him and was grateful for the 34 he gave me.

There's not too much activity at 2 in the morning from W1-land, but a few W1s and W2s called the CE0, and I half-listened while drinking a cup of tea.

All of a sudden, the band went dead—by dead, I mean nothing, absolutely no sound from the receiver. I figured the headphones had gone sour. I unplugged the phones and still heard nothing. I thought the 830S had "bought the farm" for sure. I could see myself packing it into the box and shipping it off to W6 land for repairs.

Since the window in my shack is in the back, as I looked at the receiver I noticed light, and it was getting brighter. Now, at 2 a.m. it just isn't natural to see light out in my back yard. Two steps took me to the window, where I damn near had an embolism! Looking straight out into the field and directly over the tops of the big pines that border the field, I saw a large object hovering and lighting up the entire area. As I looked, a row of lights came on and were directed downward, and a strange craft began to descend to the middle of the field.

"All of a sudden, the band went dead."

I stood frozen at the window. I realized what I was seeing could be only one thing: a flying saucer, a space ship, one of those things from outer space that the long-hair weirdos are always seeing—a UFO in my back yard!

The craft settled down and all the lights except for a few directly facing me went out. The lights that remained gave off a bluish tint, so I was able to see the entire craft without difficulty. My best guess is that it was 75 to 100 feet wide and 30 to 40 feet high above the outrigger-type legs that were supporting the craft on the ground. All I could do was stare out the window wondering what the devil to do next.

I don't remember how long I stood there, but the receiver came back to life, and I made a quick stab at turning down the audio gain. When I looked out the window again, a section of the craft was being lowered to the ground and a set of stairs telescoped from the section to the ground. My heart was pounding so fast and I was so scared that I could do nothing but watch as two figures descended the steps and stood looking directly at me. The craft and two figures were only about 200 feet from where I stood, so I could see them clearly. They appeared to be of average human height, both rather slim and dressed in black gowns that fit close at the neck. Both figures had white hair that came down their faces as far as the eyebrows—what we call "bangs" on this planet.

Suddenly, both figures bowed from the waist in my direction. When they straightened up, one of them motioned for me to come toward him.

Hams From Another Planet

I'm sure some of you would have said at this point, "Don't go out there—not on your life. Stay put; call the cops. Call the Air Force. Call up all the prayers you know, pal, because you're going to need them, fast."

I did none of those things. Instead, I left the window, put on my hat and coat, went out the back door and walked up into the field toward the two figures, who were still at the foot of their craft. As I approached, I noticed both had normal faces and skin tone; in fact, one of them reminded me of an old buddy of mine. When I got within five feet of them, one of them spoke!

"Greetings. We mean you no harm. We come in peace. My name is Douga and he is Billo." The creature pointed to the other figure.

My mouth was so dry and I was shaking so much I could barely stammer, "How do you do?"

Douga, the one who had spoken, had a little star on the collar of his black robe. I took him to be the *numero uno* creature.

"We are from the planet Prado in the galaxy of Volar, and we have been monitoring your radio signals for some time now," said Douga. "We would like to talk with you and learn many of your customs, and perhaps you will tell us what these strange objects are and what they have to do with your radio signal." While Douga was talking, he pointed towards the Rohn tower with the 6-element Telerex and at the verticals and delta loops and slopers that populated my back yard.

"You mean the antennas?" I asked, sort of pointing to them all with a sweep of my arm.

"Antennas? Is that what they are called?"

Billo reached down and removed a glowing object from his belt, pointed it at each of the antennas and them put it back on his belt.

"What was that for?" I asked.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, "I was only checking the radiation output. We are extremely interested in the design and size of these instruments."

Douga asked, "Would it be possible for us to look at your radio equipment? We are very interested in what you use to radiate such a strong signal. We have been monitoring your planet's signals for some time now and yours stands out as one of the strongest and most consistent."

Now I always feel pretty proud when some DX station gives me a 59, but when some creature from outer space tells me I have a big signal and wants to look over my antenna farm and rig, *that's* a compliment.

"Sure," I said, "come on into the house and I'll show you my rig." We walked towards the house, and when we got near the 100-foot Rohn with the tribander, Billo looked up at the beam, put his hand on his belt, and flew straight up in the air! He hovered around the level of the tribander and examined the elements. When I could talk, I said, "How the devil does he do that?"

"Anti-gravitational thrust," Douga replied calmly. "Do people on this planet use anti-gravitation?"

"I've never even heard of it," I told him, "but it would sure come in handy working on antennas." We reached the back door and went into the house and then into the radio shack. I don't have the best shack in the world, but I do have a TS-830, an L4B linear, an antenna coupler, a keyer, and a few pieces of 2-meter gear—not bad for an old-timer—plus a nice operating chair and a couch to grab a nap on now and then. All told, my shack is nothing to be ashamed of.

I remembered my manners. "Would you guys like a cup of tea?"

"I don't understand," said Douga.

"100 Watts into the Mark V at 14.2 MHz would radiate 1,420,000,000 Watts."

"It's a hot drink we enjoy on this planet. Would you like to try some?"

"Yes, thank you. May we examine your radiator?"

"Radiator! What's that?" I asked.

Douga pointed to the equipment.

"Sure," I said, "help yourself. I'll put water on for tea."

After I put the water on, I returned to the shack and found them both talking in a strange tongue. Billo was pointing the glowing belt-buckle at all my gear.

"Jim," said Douga in English, "how old is this equipment?"

I was taken back a little that he knew my name, since I hadn't given it to him. "How did you know my name?"

"As I said, we have been observing you for some time. Are you offended by my using it?"

"No, of course not."

"How much power do you radiate?" Billo asked.

I grew two feet taller as I gave the answer. "I can squeeze out 2 kilowatts on SSB and 1 kilowatt on CW."

"You use CW!" They looked at one another in amazement, then smiled. "Would you have the radiator path for this?" asked Douga.

"What's that? I don't understand 'radiator path.'"

"It's the electronic sequence of the equipment, or how it actually works."

I thought for a moment. "Do you mean the schematic?"

"Schematic? We do not know that term but perhaps if I could show you..." He pointed to the pencil and paper on the desk.

"Help yourself," I said.

Douga only had to draw a few lines before I knew what he wanted. He was drawing the output circuit showing a coil, capacitors, and some strange symbols I had never seen before. I opened the filing cabinet and took out the Kenwood manual for the 830, opened up

to the double-page schematic, and laid it on the table.

Billo immediately pointed his glowing buckle at it, and the two of them started chattering in that strange language again.

The tea kettle burst into song, so I headed for the kitchen while they were looking at the 830 schematic. When I returned with a tray and three cups of tea, we all sat down and I watched their faces as they tasted the tea. Both of them seemed to be delighted with the taste.

"What is this called?" Douga asked.

"It's tea. It comes from Asia. Do you know where that is?"

Both shook their heads. "Point to Asia," Billo said, indicating the Great Circle map on the wall.

I put my finger on India, and they both nodded their heads. "We know that part of your planet," Billo replied.

Douga pointed to the 830 and the L4B. "Is this the latest in your technology? What power do you run?"

"The exciter, the 830, puts out about 100 Watts, and the amplifier somewhere near 2 kW SSB." I got up the courage to ask the question that was *really* on my mind. "By the way, what are you two up to? It's not every day one gets visitors from another galaxy. Are you guys planning on taking over?"

"Oh, no" was the reply. "We are doing nothing but observing your culture and technological status and comparing them to ours."

"What have you found in regards to radio?" I asked.

"We hope you are not offended," Douga said politely, pointing to my rig. "This technology is 75 to 100 years behind ours."

"I don't understand," I said, "this is a late-model solid-state transceiver. It's the state of the art. What do you guys have that's so superior?"

Douga finished his tea, set the cup and saucer down, and looked and Billo, who nodded his head and smiled.

"Jim, your type of radio technology is based on the scientific principle that radio waves are generated in the transmitter section and then coupled into an antenna where they are radiated into space. If you remember the old theory of dropping a stone into a body of water and seeing the rings or circles spreading out from the point of entry, these rings spread outward to infinity and are supported or strengthened by additional rings caused by more stones being dropped into the water or some type of a wave generator."

"I know that theory, and it works. It's the basis for how radio signals go out from the antenna and are picked up all over the world," I replied.

"True, the old ones on our planet have recorded this type of radio technology, but that was many years ago. Have you no knowledge of ART?"

"ART? What's that?"

"It's Additive Radiation Technology, and it's the basis for our communication technology."

"Tell me more."

"Well, to put it into the simplest terms, when we radiate a radio signal with our equipment, the radiated waves, as they leave the antenna, are increased in intensity by the Herma action of the Wallo gate. In other words, as the signal is radiated into space, the speed of transmitted waves is varied so that one wave catches up with the preceding wave and makes it stronger. When all the waves reach the first wave, you have a tremendous signal going forward into space.

"This technology is 75 to 100 years behind ours."

"You must understand that the first wave generated travels at the speed of light, or 186,000 miles per second; in order for the succeeding generated waves to catch up to it, we vary the speed of the following waves up to one million miles per second so that each wave catches up with the one ahead of it and increases the master wave strength. Do you understand what I am saying?"

I really didn't know what the heck Douga was talking about but I wanted him to go on, so I said, "Oh, yes, I follow you."

He continued, "You can see that if a small amount of radio signal is generated, say on 30 MHz, you have 30 million cycles generated per second, and if every cycle adds to the strength of the first one, even by a small amount, the increase in signal strength is phenomenal. For example, let's take a generated signal of 1/1000 of a Watt at 30 MHz, okay?"

"I follow you, go on."

"If each following cycle, and there are 30 million of them, adds its 1/1000 of a Watt to the first cycles, you'll have 1/1000 x 30,000,000. In other words, a combined strength of 30,000 Watts has been added to the first cycle and that's what hits the receiving antenna. Of course, this is not possible without the action of the Wallo gate, which increases the wave speed in such a ratio that all 30,000,000 cycles catch up to the first generated wave."

"How long have you guys had this kind of equipment?" I asked.

"For at least 75 years," Billo said.

"Jim, there is something else you should know about the signal," said Douga. "Once you select a frequency, say 21.250 MHz, and start to transmit, the Hallis discriminator imposes an absorber that is attached to your frequency and destroys all other signals that come anywhere near 21.250 MHz. This means that no other signal can come within 5 kHz or it will be totally absorbed and dissipated by the action of the Hallis."

59 Plus

"Let me get this straight," I said. "Are you guys saying you have a radio that takes a 1/1000 of a Watt radio signal and boosts it up to say 30,000 Watts out in space, and then by some means prevents any other signal from coming closer than 5 kHz to it?"

Yes, that's the basic performance of our radio technology," replied Douga.

"Have you got one of those radios on that craft out there?"

"Yes, we have. Would you like to see it?" asked Billo.

"God, would I!"

Douga said something to Billo in that funny language of theirs, and Billo left the room. When he came into the shack, he had a small box about the size of a Drake TR4 in his arms. He placed the box on my operating table. I could see it had three or four dials on the front with four or five knobs and a tube-like device sticking out of the back.

"Let me show you how this works," said Douga. He reached down and snapped on a switch and a window lit up showing a digital display and readout of 9,500 GHz. Douga touched another button and the display stopped at 14.175 MHz.

"May I attach your antenna to this?" he asked.

I disconnected a PL-259 from the B/W switch and passed him the coax, the other end of which was connected to the 6-element Telerex up 110 feet in the air.

"I should mention," said Douga, "that the receiver signal goes through the same process as the transmitted signal; in other words, it is amplified—in this case, 14,175,000 times—via the reverse Wallo gate action."

"Of course," I nodded.

Douga stuck the PL-259 coax connector somewhere into the back of the box and turned on another switch. Audio came forth from the box. It took a few minutes to figure out who was talking to whom on 14.175 MHz, but whoever it was had a 5-9 plus signal and was in the clear. The guy signed. It was KH5ZZ on Palmyra signing with a W6.

"Who is he?" asked Billo.

I explained that Palmyra was an island in the Pacific and that it was a long ways off and good DX.

I pointed towards the box,"Is there any way I can use that thing to talk to that KH5?"

"Oh, yes, it's very easy. All we need to do is plug in the mike."

I passed him the D104, and he plugged it in and passed me the mike. "Go ahead, call him," he said.

"KH5ZZ, KH5ZZ, this is W1ROM, do you copy?"

"W1ROM, this is KH5ZZ. Good morning, old man, you have the strongest signal I have ever heard from the states. In fact, you have pegged my S-meter. Are you really a W1? W1ROM from KH5ZZ."

I went back and to the KH5 and assured him I was a W1 and gave him a line of talk like conditions were super between us and there was a window opened between us. I couldn't tell the guy what was really going on; he would have though I was off resonance.

"My God," I said to the two guys with me, "this is great. I would love to have this thing for a while."

Douga looked at Billo for a moment, then he said, "It's yours, Jim. You may have it for one year, and then we will return and visit you again."

"You're kidding!"

"No. It's yours. Let us show you a few more operating points." They went on to explain that the output of the 830 could be connected into the Starbeam Mark V, as they called it, and explained that whatever was put in, depending on the power and frequency, the results would be the power times the cycles per second and that reasonable caution should be exercised. They went on to say that, for example, if I put 100 Watts into the Mark V at 14.200 MHz, I would radiate 100 x 14,200,000 or 1,420,000,000 Watts on that frequency only. They cautioned that this amount of power could burn out most radio receivers.

I asked where the power cord was, and they said the radio had an internal atomic power source that would last for at least 1,000,000 operating hours.

"We ask two things in return, Jim," said Douga.

"Name them," I said.

"We want to hold a monthly meeting with you on 9,555 GHz. You can do this by dialing up the frequency like this, and you can use any antenna because the circuit in the Mark V will automatically adjust for any antenna."

They suggested the last Sunday in each month at 2315Z. If anybody out there has a receiver that goes to 9,555 GHz, you might hear us some Sunday night.

"What's the other thing?" I asked.

Douga looked a Billo and then back to me. "We would like to take some of your tea back to Prado."

"You got it." I went into the kitchen, dumped what tea was left in the jar, and took a full pound out of the closet. I put them together in one bag and went back to the shack, where I passed the bag to Douga.

"Thank you, Jim. Our visit has been a pleasure."

"The pleasure is all mine, old buddy," I replied.

"Old buddy?" said Billo. "Are you a CBer?"

"CBer? Oh, no! I want no part of that outfit."

"We listen to them now and then and have decided there is not much in their technology that would interest us. It's time we were leaving, Jim," said Douga. "We appreciate your hospitality, your tea, and your explanation of your fine rig here."

"We'll see you again," added Billo.

We all shook hands after I explained that this was a custom on Earth between friends. I walked out to the craft with them, and as they entered, Douga looked back and said, "Remember our schedule now, every last Sunday of the month."

"I won't forget. See you later, fellas."

Douga looked down at me for a moment. "73s," he said and smiled. "I know there is no 's' on it, Jim, but take care." He entered the craft, the stairs went up, and the door closed. A row of lights came on and a humming sound became more intense. I moved back away from the craft as it started to rise gradually, picking up speed. In a few moments it was out of sight.

News for Hams Everywhere

I came back into the house and into the shack. The black box was still there, but for some reason I didn't expect it to be. It was now close to 5 a.m., so I went back to bed. At 6:30, the XYL woke me, and I dressed for breakfast and got ready for work. She mentioned that she hadn't slept well and had crazy dreams about strange people out in the back yard.

Three months have gone by since that memorable night. During that time I connected the Starbeam into the 830, and you can imagine the results. I call any DX station I hear, once, and I am QRP into the Starbeam. I always get 59 plus, and I have worked all countries on all bands. It has gotten so it isn't fun any more, except for the last Sunday in every month, of course.

During contact one Sunday not too long ago, I was saddened to hear from Douga and Billo that they had decided not to return to Earth for reasons they couldn't explain to me at the time. They said that the Starbeam was mine to keep, and that if I removed the top cover I would find a message that would interest me and all other hams in the world.

They asked one more thing of me—that I not reveal the message until 1990. That same night my hands shook a little as I removed the cover and saw the message inside. I don't think I should wait until 1990 to reveal the message...

...do you?■